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J. A. PENROSE,

DEALER IN
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS, BOOTS, SHOES,
QUEENSWARE AND GROCERIES,
CENTER STREET,
One Door west of Alexander's Drug Store,
M'Connellsville, O.

POETRY.

THE POOR MAN'S JEWELS.

BY MRS. DENISON.

My home it is a poor one
To all who pass it by,
They cannot see its beauty,
And neither, faith, can I—
That in its paint and timber,
In door-way or in roof—
But that it has its beauties,
I'll quickly give ye proof.

Come hither, young ones, hither,
Your father's story we hear—
That's true, with hair so yellow,
That's true with eyes so clear;
That's true, with tawny trowsers,
Tucked in his stocking legs,
And yonder two dear darlings,
Are bonny Jean and Meg.

A cluster of fair jewels,
Five in the rugged set;
If any man has brighter,
I have to learn it yet;
And Tom, when I'm swinging
The arms with weary strain,
Their blessed faces cheer me,
And make me strong again.

I sometimes sit and wonder
"What will the future be?"
If they must drive and jockey
A grand mill round like me,
And scorch, at the year's end,
Have half a groat to spare—
And see bad men put over them,
'Twill be too hard to bear.

But then I think, as nations
Rise in the scale of might,
God puts the poor man forward,
And gives him power and light;
And learning, from will to do it,
And Christian truth will show
That Heaven makes no distinction
Between the high and low.

So, though my home's a poor one,
To all who pass it by,
And none can see its beauty,
Save mother, God and I,
The future may be grander,
For some great glory won,
Some gain set in the ages,
By even a poor man's son.

Behind the Scenes.

"Four o'clock and no Ellen yet?—
What can detain her so? She is usually
more punctual than the clock itself."
It was scarcely a room in which Laura
Avery was sitting—rather a magnificent
bay window, with draperies of
embroidered lace.

"Poor Ellen," she murmured, "how
differently our lots have been ordered
in this world? Her parents dead—
their wealth irretrievably lost, and she
too proud to accept a cent that she has
not laboriously earned. Oh, dear!"
and Laura sighed again, just as the
clock's liquid voice chimed the half
hour.

"She doesn't come!" soliloquized the
puzzled little damsel. "There's something
about the matter. Perhaps she's sick—
oh, dear! she must be sick. I will
send James to inquire—no, I'll go myself."
Before the words were out of her
lips she was up in her own room ad-
justing a soft gray shawl over her black
silk dress, and tying the string of a
quiet little brown velvet bonnet, whose
own crimson rose among its trimmings
of enameled moss was not unlike the
bloom of her own cheek.

"I don't think it is going to snow,"
she pondered, looking out at the gray
threatening sky; as she drew out her
perfectly fitting gloves. "At any rate,
I shall walk very fast."

As she came through the softly car-
peted vestibule, a servant approached
her.

"A note, Miss Laura; it came a min-
ute ago."

Ah! The rose was several shades in
the background now, as she broke the
sealed seal, and glanced over the deli-
cate cream colored sheet, with a
bright suppressed smile dimpling the
corners of her mouth. Yet the note
was a very simple one after all:

MY DEAR MISS AVERY: May I
promise myself the pleasure of accom-
panying you to hear the new opera to-
night? Unless I receive a message to
forbid me, I will call for you at half-
past seven. Your most devoted slave
and subject,
FLORIAN RICHLEY.

Laura instinctively slipped the note
into her bosom, as if fearful lest the
very picture on the wall should catch
a sight of the elegant chirography, and
pursued her way down the gloomy
street, with eyes that saw the murky
atmosphere through the radiant glow
of *couleur de rose*. Meantime the gray
light of October was fading away from
the dreary room on the third story of a
house situated on one of those streets
where decent respectability strives
hand to hand with the grim assailant
want.

Singularly out of keeping with the
shabby and poverty-stricken aspect of
the apartment, was a newly finished
dress of lustrous purple silk, bright as

the dyes of Tyre, that lay folded on
the table beside the window in such a
manner that you could see the costly
trimming—a wide border of purple
velvet, edged on either side with a flut-
ing of white point lace. For poor El-
len Waynall was nothing more impor-
tant than a hard working and poorly
paid dress maker.

She lay on the little white bed in the
corner, with her flushed face pressed
close against the pillow, and her slender
figure partially covered by a coarse
plaided scarlet shawl, while the invol-
untary contraction of her forehead bore
witness to the pain she was meekly
suffering.

As one or two silent tears escaped
from her closed eyelids, and crept softly
down her cheek, a light step sounded
on the landing outside, and a knock
came gently to the panels of the door.

"Come in," said Ellen hurriedly
dashing away the tears. "Laura, is it
possible that this is you, dear?"

"Yes, it is myself and none other."
Nell, I could not imagine why you did
not come and sit that dress as you ap-
pointed; but I know the reason now.
Nelly, you are sick. Why did you not
send for me?"

Ellen tried to smile faintly.
"I am not very sick, Laura; at least
I have not suffered much pain until to-
night, and the doctor says that if I had
only a little wine—no, Laura, do not
draw your purse," she added, with a
slight perceptible sparkle in her eyes
and a proud quiver on her lips: "I am
not quite so low yet as to accept charity."
Don't look so hurt and grieved,
dearest. You know how sensitive I
cannot help being on some points. It
is only for a little while. When I am
well enough to take that dress home,
and receive the money for it, I shall
then be enabled to purchase whatever
I may require."

Laura Avery knelt down at her
friend's bedside with soft, pleading
eyes.

"Dear Ellen, you will not refuse to
accept a temporary loan from me?"
Ellen shook her head with a grave
smile.

"I can wait, Laura."

Laura looked from the dress to Ellen
with a face painted with perplexity.—
Suddenly a bright aspiration seemed to
strike her.

"Let me take the dress home Ellen?"
she exclaimed. "The walk will be just
what I need, and I can stop at Dobour's
on the way back and order the wine
for you. You will never be strong un-
less you clothe yourself up a little. You
will let me, Nell?"

Ellen hesitated a moment.

"But Laura—"

"No buts in the matter, if you please
Nell," laughed Laura gleefully, begin-
ning to fold the rich dress into a little
basket that stood on the table beside
it.

"Where is it to go?"

"To Mrs. Richley's in Rivers street.
Why, Laura, what is the matter?"

"Nothing; only I am folding this
dress wrong," returned Laura in a low
voice. "It was well that Ellen did not
see the scarlet blush that rose to her
friend's lovely cheek as she stood with
her back to the bed, smoothing the lus-
trous breadths of purple silk. Mrs.
Richley's! Laura was almost sorry
that she had volunteered to go, but it
was too late to retract her offer now.

"What a selfish little creature I am,"
she mused. "Poor Nelly needs the
money so much, and cannot go for it
herself, and it isn't at all likely that I
shall see Florian. I will go—there is
an end of it."

"Thank you, dear Laura, it is so kind
of you," said Ellen fervently, as Miss
Avery came to the bed-side with the
basket on her arm, and black veil
drawn closely over the brown velvet
bonnet. "She owes me three dollars
for this dress, and there are seven dol-
lars on the old account that she has
never paid me."

"Ten dollars! I'll collect it, never
fear," said Laura gaily, as she dis-
appeared, while to poor Ellen it seemed
as if the sunshine all died out with the
presence of her beautiful friend.

It was near dusk when Miss Avery
summoning up all her resolutions, as-
cended the brown stone steps of the
Richley mansion and rang the bell.

"What's your business with Mrs.
Richley?" asked the servant, suspi-
ciously scrutinizing the little basket that
she carried. Laura bit her lips. This
manner from servants was an entirely
new experience to her. Yet how often
must poor Ellen have endured it?

"I have called to bring home a dress
that was finished for her," she said, in
a tone of quiet dignity.

"O—ah—yes; well I suppose you'd
best walk in."

The servant conducted her up stairs
to a sort of sitting room or boudoir,
where Mrs. Richley, a portly, dame of
about fifty, gorgeously dressed in crim-
son silk, was sitting in her easy chair
in front of a glowing fire. Laura was
inwardly grateful that the gas had not
been lighted, particularly when she
observed Mr. Florian Richley was
lounging on a velvet sofa in one of the
window recesses. Mrs. Richley looked
up as the servant ushered in the new
comer.

"Well, young woman, what do you
want?"

Laura's cheek tinged at the tone of
coarse insolence in which she was ad-
dressed, but she commanded herself to
reply meekly:

"I have brought home your dress,
Mrs. Richley."

"Where is Miss Waynall?"

"She is ill."

"Very well; lay down the dress; it
is all right."

But Laura stood her ground valiant-
ly.

"Miss Waynall would like the money
to-night, madam—seven dollars on the
old account and three for this dress."

"It is not convenient to-night."

"But, Mrs. Richley, Miss Waynall is
ill and needs the money," persisted
Laura.

"There, Florian," said Mrs. Richley,
pettishly, addressing the young man in
the Turkish dressing-gown and elab-
orately arranged hair, "I told you just
how it would be."

"What the deuce is the matter now?"
snappishly asked Florian, for the first
time condescending to evince any in-
terest in what was going on.

"Why, these impudent dress-mak-
ing people are always clamoring for
money, just when you have drained me
of the last cent."

"Let me clamor, then, that's my ad-
vice," said Florian without taking the
trouble to move his head.

"Just give me back that ten dollar
bill, Florian," urged his mother: "You
can't want it to-night."

"But I do want it, it happens," said
Florian coolly.

"You are going to fritter it away
in some of those gambling houses to
drink yourself stupid again," fretted
Mrs. Richley. "It's too bad getting
my money away from me just to in-
dulge in those horrible habits. Why
don't you earn money for yourself?"

"Easy, ma, easy," said the dutiful
son, lazily dragging himself to a sit-
ting posture. "Don't lose your temper
for it isn't worth while. This ten dol-
lar bill is going to help make my for-
tune. It shall take the lovely Laura
to the opera to-night."

"Nonsense; this fine scheme will
flash in the pan just like all the rest of
your castles in the air. She won't have
you."

"Oh, yes, she will, my incredulous
mamma, wait and see. I shall bring
her to the point pretty soon. Then I'll
pay you back the money with interest
out of my lady's bag of shiners."

"And will you leave off your gamb-
ling habits? Oh, Florian, they will be
the ruin of you yet!"

"Perhaps, perhaps not," returned the
young man insolently. "That will be
very much as I please."

Both the mother and her son had
entirely forgotten the presence of the
young girl who was standing in the
dusky shadows near the door, until
this moment when Mrs. Richley, turn-
ing sharply around, saw her.

"What are you waiting for?" she
asked irritably. "I have already told
you that it was not convenient to pay
the money to-night—why don't you go
about your business?"

Her cheeks were flushed even be-
neath their artificial bloom of rouge,
and her chill gray eyes sparkled with
rising anger, as Laura Avery composed-
ly advanced forward. She took one of
the wax tapers from the china shell
and lighted the gas with a steady hand,
whose flash of rings filled Mrs. Richley
with astonishment.

"I am sorry that you cannot pay
your just debts, madam," said Laura,
quietly looking the amazed mother and
son in the face; "but I am not sorry
for any occurrence that has had the
effect of opening my eyes to the true
character of Mr. Florian Richley. I
will take the ten dollars to my sick
friend, as you will find it entirely un-
necessary to go to the opera to-night."

Florian's handsome cheek had grown
pale—his knees quivered beneath him
as he mechanically took the bill from
his pocket-book and placed it in the
hand of the imperative beauty, while
Mrs. Richley sank back against it to the
cushioned arm chair.

Florian made one desperate effort to
retrieve his lost fortune, even in the
moment of sore defeat and discomfiture.

"I am very sorry—awkward mistake—
hope you will afford me an explana-
tion," he stammered.

"I require no explanation, sir," was
Laura's cold reply, as she withdrew
from the apartment, haughtily and un-
approachable as a statue of ice.

She hurried homeward, through the
twilight streets, with a burning cheek
and beating heart, and it was nearly
dark when once more she entered Miss
Waynall's room, lighted only by the
faint glow of a low fire.

"Back so soon, Laura?" asked Ellen
somewhat surprised.

"Here is the money, Nelly, and the
wine," she said, thankful that the dim
light could not betray her tell tale fea-
tures. "And now, you must get well
as fast as you can."

"Oh, Laura, I am so much obliged to
you," said Ellen earnestly.

Laura stooped to kiss her friend's
pale cheek, inwardly reflecting how
much she had to thank Ellen's indis-
position.

But she never told Ellen of the dis-

covery she had unwittingly made,
while fulfilling the gentle mission of
friendship, and no one ever knew the
precise manner in which the contem-
plated match between Florian Richley
and Laura Avery was broken off.

There are some things that bring
their own reward in this world—and
the one act of kindness had saved Lau-
ra from unconsciously taking the step
that would have precipitated her into
a lifetime of misery.

**A Wonderful Land With Stone
Trees Six Hundred Feet Long.**

In the *Eastern Slope* newspaper we
find a report of many of the curiosi-
ties and the great riches of the Black
Rock country, in the north-western
portion of California. The reports of
the singular features of that section are
of many years' standing, but are so
marvelous that they have seldom ob-
tained credence. Among the wonder-
ful stories we have heard is one that
there is a petrified tree there seven
hundred feet in length! The present
report in part confirms previous state-
ments, and establishes the fact that
Black Rock is one of the wonders of
the Pacific coast, like the Yosemite,
the Big Trees, the Geysers, &c. Be-
sides the curiosities there appears to
be an abundance of silver at Black
Rock, but the ore is said to be of an
unusual variety and very difficult to
work; but it has been worked with very
good results at the mills at Washoe.

The quantity of ore is so great that it
is said it will justify the erection of a
thousand mills. A gentleman who
visited the section, has exhibited to the
editor of the *Eastern Slope* very many
natural curiosities peculiar to the coun-
try, strange petrifications from the
ravines, curious water worn pebbles
from the mountain tops; knives, arrow
heads and daggers manufactured by
Indian skill from solid flint; a superior
quality, apparently, of oil blacking,
said to contain six hundred dollars in
silver to the ton; pebble tin, with its
curious fracture, that admits no change
of form, and a thousand strange and
new things. The editor says: He
also tells us of many strange things
that he saw but could not bring with
him, and many stranger things that he
heard of but did not see. Among the
latter list of wonders is a great basin
that contains a petrified forest appar-
ently floated there, many vast trees
of solid stone, ranging from six to
fifteen feet in diameter, and from three
to six hundred feet in length. Doubtful
as this tale may appear, shall we dare
to dispute its correctness when we know
this strange country has a boiling
spring of fresh water, fifteen feet in
diameter, that cannot be sounded, from
which no drop of water ever runs; that
in the same vicinity there is a flowing
stream of cold and apparently good
water, the drinking of which induces
venereal disease, and that any water
found by digging is as salt as salt can
make it; that a half-dollar deposited
in the soil is eaten up by the salt, and
after thirty days no vestige of it can
be found?

A California exchange, comment-
ing on Butler's speech, says:

Butler's logic simply amounts to this:
If the Southern States elect loyal men
they ought not to be admitted, because
they do not represent their constitu-
ency; and if they elect disloyal men,
they ought not to be admitted, be-
cause they do represent their constitu-
encies.

This reminds us very forcibly of a
piece of poetry that we read somewhere
in our boyhood, which runs to the
effect that—

You shall and you shan't;
You can and you can't;
You will and you won't;
You'll be damned if you do, and
You'll be damned if you don't.

The largest corn field inside of
any city can be seen in Des Moines at
present. Mr. C. C. Van has one hun-
dred and sixty acres of corn in one
field in the city. That's a rather large
city lot, and a fair sized corn field to
be situated within the corporate limits
of any town. The Iowa State Register
says: "One thing is sure, if the citi-
zens of this community should ever be
besieged they could raise enough pro-
visions for man and beast within the
fortifications." Perhaps those who were
instrumental in extending the city so
far in every direction had this in view,
and wished in such an emergency to
close the gates of the city and be in-
dependent of the outer world—a self-
sustaining community. Be this as it
may, we challenge the world to com-
pete with us in the size of city corn
fields.

**HUMORS AND CURIOSITIES OF ADVER-
TISING.**—The following was lately con-
tained in a Western paper:

Whereas, at particular times, I may
importune my friends and others to let
me have liquor, which is hurtful to me
and detrimental to society; this is,
therefore, to forbid any person selling
me liquor, or letting me have any on
any account or pretense, for if they do,
I will positively prosecute them, not-
withstanding any promises I may make
to the contrary at the time they may
let me have it.

"No Women Were Saved."

"Not a woman saved!" If your
ships are unseaworthy; if to gain a few
more dollars, Yankee thrift builds them
with so much top hamper that a gale
endangers the life, or insures the death
of hundreds; where at least is the dis-
cipline of your officers and crew, which
ought to guarantee to a weak woman
a share in the miserable safeguards
that stings affords, and which with-
out that discipline brute force inevita-
bly seizes? Officers and crew saved in
part, but "not a woman saved!" En-
gineer and purser in one boat, with
crew, but no women; and the purser
lives to tell the tale! The captain and
sixteen men and only one woman, and
one child, on another boat! Fortu-
nately, to avoid meeting the shaking
of looks gory with the death water of
the sea caves, the captain of the ill-
fated steamer, after six struggles after
life, has gone to meet, before another
than earthly tribunal, the question pro-
pounded, "Why was not a woman
saved?" Was there not one among
the crowd of whose memory it may
yet be said,

"Among the faithless, faithful only he!"

Some fifty years ago or more, a ship
sailed from Liverpool with many pas-
sengers. Just after midnight, when
a little past the center of the Atlantic,
the Jupiter struck an ice island, caus-
ing her to settle almost instantly into
the awful water. She was badly pro-
vided with boats, but such as they
were, and all of them, were at once
launched in silence and in order.
Every passenger that was awake was
summoned to the boats. Discrimina-
tion was used, for the boats could not
hold all. Let those that are awake
save their lives! Let those that sleep,
pass to the sleep of death!—was the
terrible, but merciful decree. Sleep is
but the precursor, the portal, the smile
of the great enemy of life! There can
be no pang in dying to the sweet and
unconscious sleeper. So every wake
person was summoned; every sleeping
person left to wake in an eternity!

The two boats were already over-
crowded; the devoted ship fast sinking.
Again the Captain went to forenoon,
to steerage, to cabin, and on deck, to
see if one conscious passenger still was
left unprovided for. Not one! "Push
off your boats," was the solemn order.
"But where's my sister?" screamed a
voice of despair from one of the boats;
"I see her not, and I would die to save
her." "She sleeps. I would not awaken
her. One person more in, and the lives
of all are endangered," replied the
Captain from the deck of the sinking
ship. "Then I sleep with her, if I
cannot save her," uttered the heroic
brother, as he sprang upon the fast
settling vessel; and he and she and
the ship went down together, with the
great Ocean's hymns testifying to an
heroic devotion and a self-sacrifice crad-
led in affection, and dying to meet
an immortality! "Not a woman
saved!" from the *Evening Star*! What
a contrast?

We cannot recall the name of the
vessel, because, cut off from the world,
the Southern States, for four years
back, have little chronology left; but
not many years since, a British trans-
port foundered in the deep Atlantic.
She was crowded with soldiers, their
wives, and women and children. Dis-
cipline prevailed, however, in the
awful scene where a half thousand
were summoned to death! Every boat
was launched and guarded; every
woman and child was conducted to the
gangway and securely deposited; as if
the boats had been ball-rooms, and the
seamen the ushers! The boats were
pushed adrift; each soldier repaired to
his post; each sailor to his place; and
with drums beating and fife playing,
and a solitary gun booming a farewell
to earth and sky, the ship and its of-
ficers and crew went down; the British
flag flying going down with them, but
covering them with its cross of glory!

There was discipline; there was sea-
manship; generalship, heroism! The
gurgling waves told to the mute heav-
ens the story of devotion, and the Re-
cording Angel copied it from the
heavens upon the Great Book of God.
Not a woman, not a child was lost!—
[Natchez Courier.]

RESIGNATION.—A lady elegantly
dressed in the habiliments of woe, was
met in the street a few days ago by an
acquaintance who ventured to remark
upon her being in mourning. "Ye-es,"
said the bereaved one, mournfully,
taking a few steps to trail her dress,
and looking over her shoulders at the
effect thereof. "I've just lost my
mother—don't you think this is a sweet
suit? Such a deep hem!" Such resig-
nation in affliction is touching.

A Milwaukee young lady had
her cap set for a "rather large feller,"
but failed to win him, when a confident
tried to comfort her with the words,
"Never mind, Mollie, there is as good
fish in the sea as ever was caught."

"Mollie knows that," replied her little
brother, "but she wants a whale."

In the Slade baronetcy case,
England, it appears that Sir Frederick
and his wife had the marriage cere-
mony performed before the birth of
each child—seven children.

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TERMS.
For one year, payable in advance - - - \$3 00
For six months, payable in advance - - - 1 00
For three months, payable in advance - - - 50
MOORE & KELLY, Publishers.

Commerce of the World.

France exports wines, brandies, silks,
fancy articles, jewelry, clocks, watches,
paper, perfumery, and fancy goods
generally.

Italy exports corn, oil, flax, wines,
essence, dye stuffs, drugs, fine marble,
soap, paintings, engravings, mosaics
and salt.

Prussia exports linens, woolen, zinc,
articles of iron, copper and brass, indigo,
go, wax, hams, musical instruments,
tobacco, wines and porcelain.

Germany exports wool, woolen goods,
linens, rags, corn, timber, iron, lead,
tin, flax, hemp, wines, wax, tallow and
cattle.

Austria exports minerals, raw and
manufactured silk, thread, grass, grain,
wax, tallow, nutgall, wines, honey and
mathematical instruments.

England exports cotton, woolen,
glass, hardware, earthenware, cutlery,
iron metallic wares, salt, coal, watches,
tin, silks and linens.

Russia exports tallow, flax, hemp,
flour, iron, copper, lined, lard, hides,
wax, duck, cordage, bristle, fur, potash
and tar.

Spain exports wine, brandy, oil, fresh
and dried fruits, quicksilver, sulphur,
salt, cork, saffron, anchovies, silks and
woolens.

China exports tea, rhubarb, musk,
ginger, zinc, borax, silks, casia, fla-
gree works, ivory ware, lacquered
ware, and porcelain.

Turkey exports coffee, opium, silks,
drugs, gums, dried fruits, tobacco,
wines, camel's hair, carpets, camlets,
shawls and morocco.

Hindustan exports silks, shawls,
carpets, opium, saltpeper, pepper gum,
indigo, cinnamon, cochineal, diamonds,
pearls and drugs.

Mexico exports gold and silver, co-
chineal, indigo, saffron, vanilla, jalap,
fustic, campeachy wood, pimento,
drugs and dyestuffs.

Brazil exports coffee, indigo, sugar,
rice, hides, dried meats, tallow, gold,
diamonds and other precious stones,
gums, mahogany, and India rubber.

West India exports sugar, molasses,
rum, tobacco, cigars, mahogany, dye-
wood, coffee, pimento, fresh fruits and
preserves, rubber, wax, ginger, and
other spices.

Switzerland exports cattle, cheese,
butter, tallow, dried fruit, lime, silks,
velvets, laces, jewelry, paper and gun-
powder.

East Indies exports cloves, nutmegs,
mace, pepper, rice, indigo, gold dust,
camphor, benzoin, sulphur, ivory, rat-
tans, sandal wood, zinc and nuts.

United States exports principally
agricultural produce, cotton,